

Good Night Stories

By *Blanche Silver*
Illustrated by *Gracie*

PEGGY BECOMES A LITTLE NURSE.

"H, dear!" exclaimed Peggy one day when her mamma called her to come and see her baby brother. "I hate to take care of babies!" "You might, complain!" laughed a squeaky voice near Peggy's ear, and she turned to see her little elfin friend, Happy Giggles, balancing on a blade of grass. "Why, some folks I know have to take care of at least a hundred little ones every day." "Who in the world?" asked Peggy. "I never knew of a family having so many babies." At this Happy Giggles laughed, and taking Peggy's hand they flew to the garden. Happy Giggles blew on his magic feather and whispered something under his breath, and Peggy heard the faint sound of singing coming from the roses.



She looked down, and there, right at her feet, all dressed in a little black gown, was a tiny black ant wearing a tiny carriage with a tiny baby ant in it. "Well, it's a good thing Happy Giggles gave you fairy flight!" laughed the little black ant. "For if he hadn't you surely would have stepped on both of us."

"What a dear little baby ant!" exclaimed Peggy, getting down so she could see it better. "Is he your youngest?"

"Mine," laughed little black ant, merrily. "I wish he was, for he's a dear, as they all are, but none of them are mine. I'm just his nurse!" He's only one of the hundred I take care of every day."

"Of a hundred?" exclaimed Peggy. "Why, how can you take care of so many in a day. Don't you grow terribly tired?" "I should say not!" replied little black ant. "I wheel one at a time out of our ant hill until I get them all up in the sunshine. By the time the last one is out the first is ready for his bath, then I take them one at a time back to the other nurse, who bathes and dresses them."

"But don't that tire you out?" asked Peggy. "Why I just love to take my little brother out for a ride, and he's all the baby we have in our family. If mamma had a hundred I know I'd grow terribly tired."

"No, you wouldn't," laughed little black ant. "At least you shouldn't. No matter how tedious the task one should always be ready to help those we love. I never grow weary doing for those who are kind to me. Our mother-queen has been the kindest to me, and I wouldn't complain if she had a million babies for me to take care of." Then little black ant hid Happy Giggles and Peggy goodbye and hurried home.

"She's right," said Happy Giggles. "One should never dislike doing things to help those we love."

"And I'm selfish for hating to wheel baby brother," cried Peggy. She thanked Happy Giggles for her talk with little black ant and hurried home. From that day to this Peggy's mamma couldn't find a better nursemaid if she traveled the whole world over.

To-morrow's Horoscope

By *Genevieve Kemble*

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, DEC. 22-23.

Sunday bids fair to be rather an uneventful day, though with an impulse to make a sudden change, journey or removal, which should be decisively checked, as there are no benefits to be reaped. There is prospect, however, of promotion, preferment, honors, distinction, or favors from superiors or those in high places.

Those whose birthday it is should avoid radical change, though they may seek promotion or increase. A child born on this day may achieve honors, esteem, and attain prosperity through powerful persons, and will rarely be out of a good position.

Monday promises to be a very pleasant, profitable and lively day, with the activities under decidedly favorable planetary influences both in the realm of business and in domestic and social affairs, since Jupiter and Venus, the two strongest "benefics" are under powerful and friendly lunar transit. Under these positions all matters may be pushed to a successful, fruitful and harmonious end.

Those whose birthday it is may expect business success, financial increase and domestic happiness. A child born on this day will be popular, kind, affectionate and prosperous.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's Continuation of

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Dicky Wrote to Madge.

KATIE'S innocent query, changed as it was with childish partisan desire for Dicky's glory, revealed to my own heart the unsuspected strength of the craving I myself felt that my soldier husband should realize that burning ambition of all flyers—to be accredited an "ace."

"He will be one soon, never fear, Katie," I said. "Remember, he hasn't been flying over there very long."

"I'm sure," Katie retorted stubbornly. "Something wrong, somewhere. I think he's already, and some bunch of soup greens cheat him, take away from him something."

The absurdity of her viewpoint made me smile, not only then, but often in the weeks that followed, for Katie, once having broken through the barrier I had intentionally raised against discussion of Dicky's doings, flaunted her theory concerning the injustice she fancied to have been done to Dicky in season and out of season, disregarding both my amused smiles and the disapproving frown which I later, in sheer exasperation, gave her.

The anxious waiting.

And when at last the wonderful news came, as in my heart of hearts I had known all along it would, even Katie's wild flamboyant joy didn't make her forget her ridiculous contention that "Messer Graham would have been seen weeks ago only somebody swiped it on him."

It was but a meager account of Dicky's achievement that appeared in the newspapers, for every day of the late summer was filled with the most wonderful news in the history of the world, and space for details was limited. But we, who loved him, knew that the few words telling of his exploit were simply the sketchy outlines of a wonderfully brilliant picture, longed infinitely for the background, the coloring which would bring it more vivid before our eyes and compensate though ill for the awful terror and suspense which was our constant portion.

"Perhaps Richard will write us all about it," his mother said hopefully.

"Perhaps," I returned, non-committally, for while Dicky is apt to be rather conceited about trifling attainments of his, he's modest to a fault concerning his own drawing of the world in which he is now risking his life. Of course, I knew that he would tell us something concerning the honor he had been given.

It was a very little information, outside of that we had already received from the newspaper accounts.

"Luck Was with Me."

Nevertheless, when his expected letter came, it right off gave me an excited thrill of anticipation, especially outside of the keen joy with which I always greet a message from my soldier husband. I was waiting for a message from a little boy, a mother-in-law was out walking, so that I could enjoy the precious first reading of it alone. I am not generally so forcibly reminded of my mother-in-law as I am now. Her hungry old eyes would haunt me if I were to tell her of his little loss.

"Sweetheart Wife," the letter began, just as have all the letters Dicky has written me since going "over there."

"Here I am, in a sense, made over our next door neighbor's front yard. Afully inconsiderate chap, too, tried to get his little Archie dogs on me, and turned a deaf ear to his little loss."

"By the way, who do you suppose I ran across the other day in this God-forsaken corner of the world? Give you three guesses."

"The Greeks got their Alphabet and Handed It On to Us."

THE Greeks are the first Aryan nation whose deeds are recorded in history. Whether or not the Greeks found other peoples before them in the lands they occupied, it is certain that these people left nothing of moment behind them when they passed away and were absorbed by the Greeks.

Great as were the deeds of the Greek peoples, we mustn't make the mistake of considering them a nation apart by themselves. As has been shown, the Greeks were a part of the Aryan swarm that swept into the lands to the north of the Mediterranean. This swarm settled the two eastern peninsulas, now known as Greece and Italy, and then set about separate development in deeds and even in speech.

There is also reason to believe that other nations living near the Greeks are from the same swarm. So we see that geographical conditions alone were not responsible for the wonderful strides that carried the Greeks far beyond their neighbors in the arts and civilization.

But the Greeks were not entirely original. They themselves learned from other races. For instance, when their commerce had carried them to far lands, they found they had rivals before them in the Phoenicians. These peoples dwelled in the great cities of Sidon, Tyre and Arados, chiefly on the coast of Palestine, at the east end of the Mediterranean.

Some in origin, they called themselves Canaanites, and they attained a more really civilized life and a nearer approach to free government than any other race that wasn't Aryan. They were a great seafaring people and in later years came into violent conflict with the Romans. Among the things the Greeks learned from the Phoenicians was the alphabet. The Phoenician alphabet was much the same as the Hebrew, and the Greeks adapted the letters to their own speech.

During a long period of time the Phoenicians and the Greeks lived with each other in establishing colonies. In fact, the Greeks and the Phoenicians

IF HIS DREAM CAME TRUE



If there was anything he hoped war wouldn't bring him, it was capture. But that didn't include capture by THIS host of whom he dreams with thumping heart at the very thought of mistletoe and home.

Light hangs the bunch of magic berries over HIS head as he waits the salutes of those who wait their turn. But heavy pound his pulses as he wonders if SHE—the one and only—will be among them. Which one IS she?

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Mirage of Distance

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Gwendolyn is almost crazy because she can't get to France.

Or, of course, if she can't manage France, she would take Italy, or Greece, or even Mesopotamia. She hears that a good many of the troops in Mesopotamia are awfully interesting. And, oh, those poor Armenians—and haven't they the loveliest eyes, too!

There's one that comes to the house selling lace, and he has the sweetest manners, really you'd think—and when he smiles—

The English officers are perfectly intriguing, don't you think? Oh, of course, our own are lovely, too, and they say they're so grateful for any little thing—like cigarettes or a bar of chocolate or a smile or a sweet word—that reminds them of home. And Gwendolyn simply cannot stand it another month here in this country without a thing doing but Red Cross sewing.

Nothing dainty, don't you know—just horrid old hospital garments—and the other day they rang her up from headquarters and wanted her to come and sit in a workroom for hours and hours and run a machine and make pneumonia jackets.

Why, she never even mended her own gloves in her life. And everybody knows what a sewing machine means to a weak back, and her back has never been really what you could call strong—not since she got the Russian dance fad and did so many of those hurling and whirling and jumping things, don't you know—there was really something about the music, don't you see.

And Margaret has gone and Catherine. One of them is driving an ambulance, and one of them is with the Y. M. C. A. selling pies and coffee and things.

She Can't Understand

Isn't it odd what a tad the Y is now? And a year or so ago, if a man belonged to the Y you didn't know him, that's all—you simply couldn't.

And now some of the very nicest people—it's awfully puzzling to know these days. There's the Knights of Columbus, too. Gwendolyn simply cannot get over the Knights of Columbus—the idea!

And somebody even spoke of the Salvation Army to her the other day—and it wasn't a joke either. Well, as the French say, "C'est la guerre"—she supposes that's it.

But it's really quite too awful being left here behind like this, and everybody having the most wonderful adventures, and meeting all sorts of people, and knowing all sorts of unheard of things.

And here she is with her application all in, and references, and her dresses all made and a brand new leather steamer trunk—and not a word from Washington. There's something queer about it, Gwendolyn is sure, something awfully queer.

She's heard about about politics, and what a pill you have to have. She's thought of getting the cook's cousin to do something about it—they say the cook's cousin has a lot of influence in his ward. Maybe if he wrote

Advice to Girls By Annie Laurie

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

We are two girl friends who have been chums for about three years. The girls and boys here snub us as if we weren't as good as they are. Our families are not rich, but have plenty of money.

We are seldom asked to parties or anywhere. Nina is 17, Lita is 16. We both play the piano and sing. Nina plays for Sunday school and church. Lita sings in church sometimes. We both are able to work about the house and can sew. Some of the boys and girls don't even speak to old folks. We make as many friends as we can and treat old folks kindly.

Nina has a soldier friend who writes to her often. Lita has a boy friend that she writes to, but hasn't heard from him in a month. Our mothers tell us to be good and sweet and our time will come to be popular.

Now, dear Annie Laurie, please tell us what you would do if you were in our places? Hope to see your answer and that you are our true friend. NINA and LITA.

NINA and LITA: I think you are too sensitive. The people of your town must be fond of you, and you are capable of doing anything.

By *Juanita Hamel*

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Most Blond Boys Become Dark-Haired Men

By *DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG*

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

SCIENTISTS have recently exhibited a delayed, experimental interest in the fact that, while there are many little boys under 5 and 6 years of age with light, flaxen, blond tresses, there are very few above 12 with golden hair. This curious observation can be easily verified. Go out into the street and count the number of youths and men with light hair. Then count the number of youths and men with dark locks. At once you will be amazed. There are few grown-up men with blond hair. They have black, brown, chestnut and other dark shades. Moreover, their hair is not curly.

It has now been found by biologists and ethnologists that blonde hair is a dominant factor in females and a recessive factor in males. That is to say, dark pigments or coloring matter is almost a male, sex-linked character. Children much under 12, and especially up to 5 and 6 years of age, are not matured as to sex. In fact, at the time when a boy's voice begins to lose its effeminate-like timbre and a girl begins to blush and believe she is pretty occurs around the age of 14 or 15.

At earlier ages little boys are almost the same as little girls in all their emotional, chemical and mental attributes. They are a bit more willful, dominating and mischievous, and perhaps, too, they are harder to manage, but in voice, hair, features, comeliness, bashfulness, their grace and poise they are as much feminine as masculine. But when "boys will be boys" instead of the childish, upturned, beaming of the first 15 years or so, the beautiful, blond, curly, flaxen tresses of babyhood begin to change to dark hues.

Exceptions to this are not effeminate men. Light haired adornment, such as titans, reds and light shades are in mature youths and men due to a straight line inheritance. If a blond-haired man and a dark-haired woman marry, their children after maturity will all have dark hair. If any of the dark-haired offspring marry other similarly descended dark-haired males there will be two permanently light-haired children in every eight born. If these are boys they will remain light-haired all through life, no matter how old they grow. Any, some or all of the others may be light-haired in childhood.

In adult life, let it be remembered, there will be 75 per cent. of black, brown or chestnut tresses. Finally, this law of heredity shows that of two such light-haired adults who wed and have children, all of the offspring will have light hair no matter what are they attain.



DR. HIRSHBERG

Answers to Health Questions

MRS. L. M. R. A—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query repeated I will be glad to answer your questions.

MRS. J. A. M. Q—is a leaky valve dangerous?

A—No, it is not a serious condition at all.

MISS J. E. D. Q—Please tell me how to reduce my bust.

A—You must not interfere with whatever condition is naturally present in the breasts, because tumor growths, fatal malades and cancers, all have a primary cause in the breasts of women, and any interference with these delicate tissues is apt to stir up one of these unpleasant conditions.

MRS. IDA M. S. Q—Kindly advise what to do for a catarrh?

A—Often examination of the nose and throat will reveal defective bones, tumors, growths, adenoids, infected tonsils and other things which a slight operation will correct.

A WORRIED READER: Q—Kindly advise me how to make my hair grow.

A—Kindly advise how to reduce my bust.

A—Quinine..... 1 tablespoonful

Sage..... 1 ounce

Sulphur..... 1 tablespoonful

Boric acid..... 1 tablespoonful

Rain water..... 1 pint

Steep the sage over night after pouring the pint of water over it. Strain and add the other ingredients. Let this stand two days, strain and use with massage every night, applying directly to the scalp. If the scalp is very dry, two ounces of glycerine is a good addition.

2—You must not interfere with whatever condition is naturally present in the breast, because tumor growths, fatal malades and cancers all have a preference for the breasts of women, and any interference with these delicate tissues is apt to stir up one of these unpleasant conditions.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, in care of this office.

Diary of a Fashion Model

By *GRACE THORNCLIFFE*

She Describes a Most Unusual Morning Gown.

THERE is something in the almost strange-like quality of the color called henna that makes it exquisitely lovely when combined with dark blue.

I have been wearing a fascinating morning dress made of these two shades. The gown itself is dark blue duvetyne, and the vest-like bit is henna broadcloth, closely embroidered in dark blue silk thread.

The blue waist is cut away across the chest to give full opportunity for displaying the broad panel vest of henna cloth. A bit of the dark blue material turns up on this vest, and by its outlines helps to form elongated inserts of henna cloth, which, cut in one with the vest, run down to the belt and extend in two small shaped pieces on the skirt.

A round collar of henna cloth is edged with narrow wool crochet in a matching shade.

Possibly you will think this wool crochet isn't keeping with the embroidery of silk, but it looks very smart, because it's obviously just a collar finish. The back of this gown is quite plain and devoid of trimming except for the touch of color on the round collar of henna cloth, which, of course, appears at the back.

A narrow belt of henna cloth fastens at the centre back under a gilt buckle. This note of gilt is strongly emphasized by rows of tiny gilt buttons that outline the little panels of henna cloth. These buttons are also used on the sleeves.

Henna silk floss embroidered in chain stitches simulate buttonholes on the other side of the panels.

You will be interested in the sleeves of this gown. They are cut quite snug at the shoulders, but grow wider near the wrist, where puffs of henna cloth are let in. Quite a new sleeve finish this is, you will observe. Gilt buttons outline these inserts of henna cloth. Narrow cuffs which fit the wrist snugly extend below the loose sleeves. This cuff is also outlined with gilt buttons.

Taking it all and all, I think this gown is one of the most attractive frocks I have seen since the "flapper" craze of last season. Its colors are durable, and yet the warmth of tone and the contrast supplied by the henna vest and trimmings brightens the somberness of blue to real cheerfulness in any light or weather.

A variety of hats are appropriate for wear with this gown, either close turban effects or broad brims. A happy medium between these two is struck in this well

balanced hat of black velvet. One side of the brim flares smartly to show the hair, while the other extends in the flat line. Perched at the back is an interesting ornament of natural ostrich feathers whose colors are very effective against blue and henna.

Down furs, Kollnack, mink or sable tone best with this costume. A beautiful mink cape which envelops

Many oil wells are nearly a mile in depth. Oil and gas exist extraordinarily in porous formations at varying depths below the surface, and, if it were possible to drill wells for oil and gas in the same way that wells are drilled for water, not so many problems would be encountered. But the holes must be drilled through caving formations and through formations containing great quantities of water or gas under high pressure. Heavy pipe ranging in diameter from 12 to 24 inches must be used to prevent the caving of the formations and to exclude water from the drill hole.

It is believed that the use of a handle for tea cups originated in Mediterranean lands. It was first made of thick and strong earthenware and applied to heavy jars and lamps. Its decorative possibilities were soon discovered by the Greeks and Romans, who extended its use to small amphora and flagons; but, as the word "amphora" indicates, the handle was double, like that of the begonia cup today. Single handles and crept into use by slow degrees and were probably applied to drinking cups about the time that coffee came into vogue in Europe.

ODD FACTS

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Morning Gown of Dark Blue Duvetyne, Featuring Henna Cloth.